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Sims Reeves'
illustrated song book

London

[18--]

Reel: 39 Title: 37

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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100039.37

Control Number: ADD-9756

OCLC Number : 27478567

Call Number : W PN970.E5 SIMS v.3

Title : Sims Reeves' illustrated song book.

Imprint : London : Printed and published by W.S. Johnson, [18--]

Format : v. : ill. ; 23 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Text also on p. [4] of cover.

Note : Library has no. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Reeves, Sims.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/31/94

Camera Operator: AR

No. 3.

Price 1d.

SIMS REEVES' ILLUSTRATED SONG BOOK.

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The Oyster Boat
The Boys of the Age
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The Scarlet Flower
Umbrella Courtship
Write to me
When I met thee first, in May
Young Agnes

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON,
60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Sims Reeves' Illustrated Song Book.



INDIAN HUNTER.

Oh, why does the white man follow m
path,
Like the hound on the tiger's track?
Does the flush on my dark cheek waken
his wrath?
Does he covet the bow at my back?
He has rivers and seas, where the billows
and breeze
Rear riches for him alone;
And the sons of the wood never plunge in
the flood
Which the white man calls his own.
Then why should he come to the streams
where none
But the red skins dare to swim?
Why, why should he wrong the hun-
ter—one
Who never did harm to him?
The Father of mercy thought fit to give
The white man corn and wine;
There are golden fields where they may
live,
But the forest shades are mine.
The eagle hath its place of rest,
The wild horse where to dwell;
And the Spirit that gave the bird its nest
Made me a home as well.
Then back, go back from the red man's
track,
For the hunter's eyes grow dim
To find that the white man wrongs the one
Who never did harm to him.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Let the proud Indian boast of his jas-
mine bowers,
His pastures of perfume, and rose
cover'd dells,
While humbly I sing of those wild little
flowers,
The Blue Bells of Scotland, the Scot-
tish Blue Bells;
Wave, wave your dark plume, ye sons of
the mountain,
For brave is the chieftain your prowess
who quells,
And dreadful your wrath as the foam-
flashing fountain,
That calms its wild waves 'mid the
Scottish Blue Bells,
Then strike the loud harp, to the land of
the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their
wild spells,
And shout in the chorus, for ever and
ever,
"The Blue Bells of Scotland, the Scot-
tish Blue Bells!"
Sublime are your hills, when the young
day is beaming,
And green are your groves, with their
cool crystal wells;
And bright are your broadswords, like
morning dew gleaming,
On Blue Bells of Scotland, on Scottish
Blue Bells!
Awake, ye light fairies, that trip o'er the
heather,
Ye mermaids, arise from your coralline
cells;
Come forth with your chorus, all chanting
together—
"The Blue Bells of Scotland, the
Scottish Blue Bells!"
Then strike the loud harp, &c.

Baron Von Swiggs.

Air—"Dumle dum deary."

Baron Von Swiggs was a Dutchman
born,

A jolly red nose did his face adorn;
He'd go to bed drunk and rise the same,
Which work'd on his pockets as well
as his frame.

O wonderful comical wonderful rigs,
Comical, wonderful Baron Von
Swiggs.

One night he stepp'd with a jolly old
friend

And th' brandy in quarts down his
throat he did sent;

Then he left his friend with a shake
at the door.

But a song was the brandy he
couldnt well stand.

O, wonderful, &c.

Then as he went 'twixt a trot and a
run,

Until to the side of a river he came;
But the night it was dark and his eyes
they were dim,

So his foot gave a slip, and he tumbled
bang in.

O, wonderful, &c.

This man full of brandy the bottom
soon found,

And feeling quite happy he slept very
sound;

And the very news it was told by his
daughter,

That he chang'd all the river to brandy
and water.

O, wonderful &c.

The brandy and water it mix'd in a
trice,

And they agreed that it was very nice;
All the boats on the river were rolling
about,

All the houses fell in and the inmates
fell out.

O, wonderful, &c.

All the horses, the goats, the cows, and
the bulls,

At this river of brandy they took such
strong pulls;

And nothing but fighting was there to be
found,

And many poor souls lay drunk on the
ground.

O, wonderful, &c.

Quite drunk were the cats, the rats, and
the frogs,

And thenasty old pigs stuck to it like
hogs,

The lion too wanted a drink they could
trace,

For the brandy it turned him quitered
in the face.

O, wonderful, &c.

The river got strong and the fish got fat,
And each pretty maid she turn'd out a
cot,

And all the white herrings, so it is said,
Have changed from that time from
white into red,

O, wonderful, &c.

The brandy got strong and the fish got fat,
And the fumes of brandy turn'd every
berry;

The brandy the root of the cabbage did
tickle,

For since then the red cabbage had
been in a pickle.

O, wonderful &c.

Now the total change of the river
peeped

And got a good look at the
day;

But the rain fell so fast, day after day,
That it washed all the pebbles and riven
away.

O, wonderful &c.

The Lazy Club.

My wife is such a lazy Turk,
She'll never do a bit o' work;

She says, she isn't such a fat—
I and work you'd never make her fat.

So every morning when she wakes,
Breakfast in her bed she takes,

And mugs herself on rum and shrub,
In honour of the Lazy Club.

My wife, etc.

Then when she takes it in her head,
I'm forc'd to lift her out o' bed;

To say a word I doesn't dare,
But place her on a elbow chair.

To stir a peg appears a crime,
So there she sits till supper time,

While I'm oblig'd to cook the grub,
Becos she's join'd the Lazy Club.

My wife, etc.

My eldest daughter is as bad—
I really think she's lazy mad,

For she's too lazy now to walk,
For she's too lazy now to walk.

Her face is never clean, by goles!
Her stockings are always in holes.

Her tail is never free from mud,
Becos she's join'd the Lazy Club,

My wife, etc.

My hopeful son shows off his airs,
And cannot sit without three chairs;

He makes believe he's got the gout,
And makes me carry him about:

He's too lazy to go to bed,
So he sleeps in a chair instead—

He makes me giv his boots a rub,
Becos he's join'd the Lazy Club.

My wife, etc.

We keep a gal about fifteen,
To mind the house, and keep it clean,

But she is such a lazy elf,
I'm oblig'd to do the work myself;

For if I wish her to stir,
She says I ought to wait on her,

And giv the stairs and room a scrub,
Becos she's join'd the Lazy Club,

My wife, etc.

We've such a precious lazy dog,
He lays about just like a log;

He tries to imitate the snail:
He's too lazy to wag his tail.

Before the fire in a heap
He lays, and there goes fast asleep;

In fact, he's such a lazy cub,
I think he's join'd the Lazy Club.

My wife, etc.

The Country.

No, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent
town,

To expect either pleasure or rest;
All hurry and nonsense still tying us
down:

'Tis an overgrown prison at best.
From hence to the country escape and
away—

Leave the crowd and the bustle behind,
And then you'll see liberal Nature display

A thousand delights to mankind.
The change of sports of the seasons, the
fields,

The sweetly diversified scene.
The groves and the gardens and every
thing yields

A cheerfulness ever serene.
Here, far from ambition and avarice free,
My days may I quietly spend;

While the city and the courtiers, unen-
vied by me,

May gather up wealth without end.
No, I thank them, I would not, to add
to my store,

My peace and my freedom resign;
For who, for the sake of possessing the
ore,

Would be sentenced to dig in the
mine?

Cab! Cab!

[Music—at Purday's.]

I goes out cab driving,
And sometimes all day through
In spite of all contriving,

I scarcely makes a do:
A Handsom's cab I've got,
A handsome horse to trot—

Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! your honour
Cab?

I'll drive you like a shot!
Cab! Cab! &c.

Now if you'll hear my ditty,
I'll tell you how I was done
By a fat man in the city,

Of two-and-twenty stuns;
I plied at Holborn hilly,
Says he, "To Pentonville—

Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! I want a Cab,
Drive fast and show your skill."

My horse's eyes I kivered,
While he got in, you know.

If he'd see'd his weight he'd differ'd,
And, perhaps, refused to go;

To Pentonville I went,
Where to me says this here gent—
"Cab! Cab! Cab! Cab! here's some
mistake."

To Pimlico I took him—
My horse, as you'll suppose,
This job did nearly cook him—
When again the check-string goes;

He says to me: "Hollo!
Hold hard a bit, go slow—
Cab! Cab! Cab! You're wrong
Turn back, and drive to Bow."
I didn't like to quarrel,
But I was bound to go,
All the way to Bow in the end,
Where he was waiting for me;
Says he, when there I was,
"This isn't my abode."
Cab! Cab! Cab! I fancy you're
A drunk,
This ain't the place you're used to,
In course I felt vexed,
But I my temper kept,
To the edge of the road, good ground,
I took him every step;
My horse was quite done down,
And I began to groan—
"Cab! Cab! Cab! What are
you at?
I live at Horsebury,
To do what I please;
When my horse has done his work,
But I don't want to give him
"Where shall I now repeat?
"To the devil, I don't care."
"Now where I guess," says I, "and
You give me my back here."

Forty Years ago.

A man was in his prime;
And forty years ago, to him,
Was then a young man;
His heart was young and true,
But Time has brought him low,
Still he can smile and cheer,
Of Forty Years ago.
He gave to those who sought his aid,
The poor man's or the old man's,
And shelter to the homeless,
For forty years he gave in store;
But now his power is past,
He's seen much trouble and sorrow,
And all his youthful days are dead,
Full Forty Years ago.
How all our loved ones have died,
How all our loved ones have died,
And I am left alone to weep,
O'er hapless ones who
Now ev'ry thing to me seems strange,
This land I scarcely know—
All things have changed since
Since Forty years ago.

There's none I love like

There's none I love like
Thee, my dear, my dear,
Thy heart is formed for duty,
Thy temper sweet and kind;
The rose portrays thy beauty,
The lily pure, thy mind;
Thy name is on every dwelling,
More shining than the sun;
But, oh! believe me, dear,
There's none I love like thee.

Thy heart is formed for duty,
Thy temper sweet and kind;
The rose portrays thy beauty,
The lily pure, thy mind;
Thy name is on every dwelling,
More shining than the sun;
But, oh! believe me, dear,
There's none I love like thee.

Prime the Cup, all ye men.

PRIME the cup, all ye men,
Let us quaff this wine;
Here's—The light of your eye,
Here's—The glow of your cheek;
Here's to the one who is true,
Thought of her name;
May she be with us,
May our hearts be true;
By her side, truly,
Till these words are true;
And when she is dead,
Her I'll love, her I'll love;
In my heart, her I'll love;
Dwelleth but only she.

She's the flower in my bow,
She's my star of the deep;
Tis her form keeps watch
In my dreams when I sleep;
Here's to her lovely eyes,
And to those that are true;
Evy not I thy love,
So I win only mine;
By her voice, truly,
By the truth of the dove,
Till this heart ceases to beat,
Her I'll love, her I'll love;
For oh! she's all the world to me;
Here's—The mind I adore!
In this heart evermore
Dwelleth she, only she.
Here's—The beam of her eye, etc.

Lawellin's Bride.

LEWELLIN with his Patience, dear,
Was joined in wedlock's band;
When war's alarms assail her ear,
The foe invades the land;
He maddens among the valiant throng,
All proud of heart and hand;
And smiling, cries: "My dear's a bride,
I'll soon return to thee."
Oh, Korah, oh, Korah, oh,
I'll soon return to thee.

She hears the drum, the victory,
Your laurels, now gleaming;
She sees the smoke of cannon,
Her lover's name is on the air;
His faithful blood is on the ground,
They laid down on the field;
And, sighing, cries: "My dearest bride,
He'll ne'er return to thee."

Oh, Korah, oh, Korah, oh,
She lost her love, the love her own,
She's a widow now,
And now on Snowdon's hill,
And wildly sings her lay:
My eyes I seek across the plain,
In hope my love to see,
My joy, my pride, my dearest bride;
Oh, sweet, return to me.

Oh, Korah, oh, etc.

There's room enough for all.

(Music to be sung as Mr. Davidson's.)

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, through the sword or
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no good that can be won,
Without a quarrel to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide in lands and seas,
There's room enough for all.
What if the swartly peasant find
Need for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour;
There is a land with sunny skies,
Watch gold for toil is giving,
Where ev'ry wayward hand that tries
Its strength can get a living.
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide, where those
abide,
There's room enough for all.

From poison'd air ye breathe incense,
And typal-scented ways,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys;
Where ev'ry hand that cleaves a bough
Finds plenty in attendance,
And ev'ry furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh! listen, then, from fever's
And lodging cramp's and small,
The world is wide in lands beside,
There's room enough for all.

In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment.
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with each other?
Why need we in this crowd of life
Keep trampling on each other?
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide, where those
abide,
There's room enough for all!

That Feeling which Exalts the Soul.

THAT feeling which exalts the soul,
All earthly bounds above,
And makes it rejoice in perfect whole,
Is deep and burning love!
And yet with those we hold so dear,
Its struggles is but vain,
Where we fondly love, and
We are not loved again!
The heart upon the past may dwell,
And calm and happy seem,
Or feeding hopes it dare not tell,
May of the future dream;
But dark will be what once was clear,
The task all sad and vain;
If, where we once have loved,
We are not loved again!

My beautiful! my own!

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.
[Music—at Cramer and Co.]

Oh! how I love to gaze upon
The brightness of thy brow,
To mark the lustre of thine eye,
And dwell within its glow;
To list the music of thy voice,
Soft as a seraph's tone,
To sip the nectar of thy breath,
My beautiful! my own!

Oh! I could suffer worlds of pain,
To live a life with thee,
To linger 'neath thy brightest smile
In heavenly extasy;
To chase life's cares from thee away,
To dissipate each frown,
To call thee, dearest, night and day,
My beautiful! my own!

The Swiss girl.

[Music—at Julian and Co's.]

Oh, hear me pretty Swiss,
Come roam my love with me:
Where grandeur smiles, and wealth can
make
A paradise for thee.

"No, no, I love the mountain rills,
These barren cliffs, and forests green;
More dear to me the flower-clad hills,
The valley where my cot is seen."
But come with me and you shall share
A palace bright and fair.

"No, no, no! the merry Swiss girl,
Contented here to stay,
Cares not for wealth and honours,
While she sings her mountain lay.
La la hi hi la hu li hi, la hi la hi
he, &c."

Oh! hear me pretty Swiss,—
"La la hi li ha la hi he."
That simple wreath of flow'rs,
Oh! carelessly throw by;
And then shalt wear a diamond crown,
More dazzling to the eye.

"No, no, that crown is not so bright,
As yonder glorious sun I see,
That bathes in gold each tow'ring height,
And wakes each morn new joy in
me!"

But here thy charms unseen will fade;
Oh, fly with me, sweet maid.

"No, no, no! the merry Swiss girl,
Contented here to stay,
Thinks not of youth or beauty,
As she sings her mountain lay.
La la hi hi, &c."

My palace shall be thine,
Its woods and bowers around;
And thou shalt reign the queen o'er all,
With love and pleasure crown'd.

"No, no, I'd rather reign and live
In those dear hearts from childhood
known,
Than aught accept that thou canst give,
Or be a queen upon thy throne."
My heart and hand I'll give with pride,
Oh, say thou'lt be my bride!

"No, no! the merry Swiss girl,
Contented here to stay,
Is ever free and happy,
As she sings her mountain lay."

Forget thee!

[Music—at Olivier's.]

"Forget thee!" If to dream by night
And muse on thee all day,
If all the worship, deep and wild,
A poet's heart can pay!
If prayers, in absence, breath'd for thee
To Heaven's protecting power—
If winged thoughts that flit to thee
A thousand in an hour—
If busy fancy blinding thee
With all my future lot—
If this thou call'st "forgetting thee!"
Thou, indeed, shalt be forget!

"Forget thee!" Bid the forest birds
Forget their sweetest tune;
"Forget thee!" Bid the sea forget
To swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flow'rs forget to drink
The eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land"
And its mountains wild and blue;
Forget each old familiar face,
Each long remember'd spot—
When these things are forgot by thee,
Then, thou wilt be forgot!
When these, &c.

Sequel to Irish Emigrant.

[Music—at Williams's.]

I'm coming back to you, Mary,
Australia's shores, I find,
Can yield no balm to soothe my grief,
Or ease my troubled mind.

"Are smiles in joy, Mary,
And happy forms I see,
With kind and faithful loving hearts—
But all is dark to me."

There's food and labour here, Mary,
And heaven's all bounteous hand
Has shed its gifts on all around,
And bless'd this strangers' land;
But where art thou?—thy voice is still!
Thy form I cannot see!
And death hath dim'd that loving eye,
Mary,

That kindly beam'd on me.

Oh! we were happy once, Mary,
Thy voice to heaven arose,
And warbled forth the evening hymn,
To soothe thy babe's repose.

Yes! thou wert beautiful, Mary,
Thy babe was lovely too—
The birds sang sweetly round our cot,
And flowers the brightest grew.

Oh! I was happy then, Mary,
When, after daily toil,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd my heart,
And I saw thy welcome smile;

But cruel want, alas! came there, Mary,
And sickness paled thy brow,
And death has blighted all my joys,
And I am lonely now.

I have cross'd the seas, Mary,
Thy angel spirit's near,
Dost thou not hear me call thy name?
Ah, no! thou canst not hear!

I am kneeling on the turf, Mary,
Where thou dost calmly lie!
I've come to join my babe and thee,
And lay me down, and die.

Umbrella Courtship.

Air—Barclay and Perkins's Drayman.

A belle and a beau would walking go,
In love they both were pining;
The wind in gentle gales did blow,
An April sun was shining.

The Simon long had courted Miss,
He knew he'd acted wrong in
Not having dared to steal a kiss,
Which set her quite a longing.

Tol ol ol.

It so occurred as they did walk,
And viewed each dale so flow'ry,
As Simon by her side did stalk,
Declared the sky look'd show'ry.

The rain to her came like a drug,
When loudly he did bellow,
"Look here, my love, we can be snug,
I've brought an umbrella."

Tol ol ol.

Quick flew the shelter over Miss,
Now Simon was a droll one,
He thought this was the time to kiss,
So from her lips he stole one.

She blushed—the rain left off, and he
The umbrella closed for draining.
"Oh, don't," says she, "I plainly see,
It hasn't left off raining."

Tol ol ol.

Now Simon, when he smelt the plan,
The umbrella righted:
He grew quite bold, talk'd like a man,
And she seem'd quite delighted.

Their lips wrung chimes full fifty times,
Like simple lovers training;
Says she, "these are but lovers' crimes,
I hope it won't leave off raining."

Tol ol ol.

He kiss'd her out of her content,
That she'd become his bride; hence
To buy the ring was his intent,
And then to get the licence.

They parted, but he took much pains,
Where they should meet to tell her,
Says she, "I'll meet when next it rains,
So bring your umbrella."

Tol ol ol.

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
He rose before 'twas yet day,
And just as if to please her taste,
It was a shocking wet day.

They married were, had children dear,
Eight round-faced little fellows;
But strange to say, the whole of the
eight
Were mark'd with umbrellas.

I saw the peasant's hand
unkind.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever:
They seem'd in very being twined
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so, the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its bloom away.

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops & dies.

Blow Boreas, blow.

Blow, Boreas, blow! thy swiftly winds
May make the billows foam and roar;
Then breed'st no fear in valiant minds,
For, spite of thee, we'll find a shore!
Then cheer my hearts, and be not wroth,
But keep the gun-room clear:
Though all the devils roar abroad,
We've sea-room, boys, and never fear.
See how she tosses up! how far!
The mounting topmast touch'd a star!
The meteors blaz'd as thro' the clouds
we came,
And salamander-like, we live in flame!
But now we go:

See! see! we go
To the deepest shades below!
Alas! where are we now?
Oh! who can tell!
Sure, 'tis the lowest room in hell,
Or where the sea-gods dwell!

With them we'll live and reign,
With them we'll drink and sing, and
dance amain.

But see! see! see! we mount again!
Still, though flashes of lightning and
tempests of rain

Do fiercely contend which shall conquer
the air,

Though the captain his prayer
Doth lustily swear,

And the seas are on fire by the fends of
the air,

We drink and defy
The mad spirits that fly

From the deep to the sky
And sing, though loud thunder should
bellow!

For Fate will still have
A rich berth for the brave,

And ne'er make his grave
Of a salt-water wave:—

No! a sailor's too honest a fellow!
Then cheer, my hearts, &c.

Arrival of Nelson's Corpses.

Ah, hark! the signal round the coast
Proclaims the great event

That gave all hearts to grieve and boast,
To joy and to lament.

Great Nelson's corpse arrives in sight,
Victorious e'en in death!

Who, living, did his country right,
Who, dying, gave her breath.

For did not Fame the tidings tell
That laid him on his bier,

The foe, whom nothing could repel,
Had ventur'd to come here:

But now may peace, that balm devout,
Be laid to every breast:

His mighty deeds have fear and doubt
For ever set at rest.

The Forecastle Man.

Your hair is a may in fiery appear,
Disdaining such tars as can hand, reef,
and steer.

On the deck, spruce as tailors, may
cautiously tread,

And live at the stern, without minding
the head.

Old tough, experienced sailors know,
Where'er they take a p.,
Whether rising or sinking below.

The fore-castle man, the st.

Your delicate fresh water in, may
treat

With dainties, and like gulling aldermen
eat,

Turn cabins to drawing-rooms, sleep on
a bed.

And despite English biscuit, to nibble
French bread.

Old tough, &c.

The reward of fidelity.

The storm had ceas'd, the vessel, striving
Lay on the frightful breakers, torn;

When, scarcely the drown'd crew sur-
viving,

Jack pin'd his destiny forlorn:
"Where are those friends whom late I
cherish'd,

The manly, noble, honest band?
Ah! do I live, my messmates, perish'd,

To wait them in a foreign land?

"Where is my love, my charming Kitty?
Alas! unmindful of my grief,

To others' woes she gives her pity,
Nor thinks her Jack most wants relief.

But see what numbers curious thronging,
'To view our misery crowd the strand;

Hard fate's perhaps my life prolonging,
For murder in a foreign land.

"But do my flattery eyes deceive me?
Or, if they do, what outstretch'd arms

Are there thus tendered to relieve me?—
'Tis she! 'tis she! in all her charms.

My faith and truth, to so much beauty,
Fate, to reward, with partial hand

This pattern sends of love and duty,
To save me in a foreign land.

Love's Probation.

'Tis said that love, the more 'tis tried,
Grows firmer and lasts longer;

And when distress the knot has tied,
'Tis closer knit, and stronger.

She who with love's best joys would fain
That fate should thus regain her,

Must share the peril and the pain
That mark the gallant sailor.

To hope in vain, in vain to sigh,
Deep sorrow to dissemble,

To shudder at each low ring sky,
At every breeze to tremble,

While neither wishes, prayers, nor tears,
To ease her mind avail her;—

These dreadful trials speak her fears
Who loves a gallant sailor.

And now, her mis'tries to refine,
To Fate she's forc'd to leave him;

For, with swell'd eyes, she spells the line
Where newspapers have kill'd him.

This is the last of her alarms;
Cease, lovers, to bewail her;—

He comes! and in her trembling arms
She holds her gallant sailor.

The Pressgang.

Oh! where will you hurry my dearest?
Say, say, to what clime or what shore?

You tear him from me, the sincerest
That ever lov'd mortal before.

Ah! crust, hard-hearted to press him,
And force the dear youth from my

arms!
Restore him, that I may caress him,
And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,
And make but a scoff at my woes:

You ne'er from my dear shall divide
me,—

I'll follow, wherever he goes,
Think not of the merciless ocean,

My soul any terror can brave;
For, soon as the ship makes its motion,

So soon shall the sea be my grave.

Duncan and Victory.

Again the willing trump of fame
Receives from bounteous Heaven a claim

Around glad Nature's sons to call,
And wake with wonder the terrestrial

ball:
Strike shudd'ring France, and harrow'd
Spain,

With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's
reign,

Confirm'd anew, her empire o'er the
main.

Sing, Briton's sing, prizing what Fate
has given

Union, content, and gratitude to Heaven.

October the eleventh, at nine,
Neptune held the British line:

And, lest his honours, so long worn,
Should from our ever-conquering flag be

torn,
Dismay to France, horror to Spain,
Bade Duncan's thunder great Britannia's

reign
Proclaim anew—the sovereign of the
main.

Sing, Briton's &c.

Fate warred on that momentous day,—
Three hours nine ships saw captar'd

lay:
Vain Holland's dream of power's no
more!

Her conquer'd fleet shall grace the
British shore.

Droop, fearful France,—sink trembling
Spain,

Duncan, in thunder, great Britannia's
reign

Proclaims anew—the sovereign of the
main.

Sing, Briton's &c.

Gentle Goddess.

Gentle goddess, whose bright shower
Silvers o'er our sacred dower,

Come, in all thy placid power,
Throned upon thy crescent high.

Man, thus idly Fate accusing,
Leading back to holy musing,

Over earth then calm diffusing
Which thou spreadest thro' the sky,

Write to me.

Oh, write to me,
Where'er thou art!
One little line, if but to tell
That thou art happy, thou art well!
If not a line—one single word,
Think, think what rapture 'twill afford
This breast, wherein thine absence dear
Dwells like a scorching sun in sphere.
To know that line was traced by thee,
Where'er thou art, where'er thou be.

Oh, write to me, &c.
By land or sea!
I'll watch its coming, as the ray
Which tell-th of returning day.
And while I break its ruby seal,
More pure delight this heart will feel,
Than in 'ent lips in dreams of bliss,
Saluted by an angel's kiss!
'Tis all I ask—one word from thee,
Where'er thou art, where'er thou be.
Oh, write to me, &c.

Child of the Sun.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

CHILD of the sun, unhappy slave,
Thy spirit must not dare
To gaze on charms that Nature gave
So wonderfully fair!
With soul that is denied the free,
To feel, to weep, to sigh,
The only privilege would be
To worship, and to die.
Dark is thy hue, as that of night,
And yet with softened ray
There beams from Heaven itself a light
To waken night to day;
Thus, if the light so lov'd by thee,
Were only gleaming now,
How blest the privilege would be
To worship, and to die.

They say there is some distant land.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

THEY say there is some distant land,
Some happy home, some happy land,
Where this dark shadow doth the grand
Of servitude denote;
When man to bondage and disgrace,
His fellow man can bind,
And with such marks he can't efface
May even change the mind.
Yet here, where woman's charms
Abound,
Where'er her beauty reigns,
And throws its soft enchantment round,
How welcome are our chains!
For if by her for ever doomed
In fetters thus to see
A lives in slavery consumed,
Oh, who would e'er be free?

There is nothing so perplexing.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

THERE is nothing so perplexing,
So uncertain, and so vexing,
So alarming, and so frightful,
Yet so tender and so delightful,
As what, "love making," they call.
But, there's no one knows the bother,
When you make it for another.
To be ardent—then be pleasant—
And to fear, if he were present,
He might stand no chance at all.
Attempting the revealing
ession without feeling,
foolies always blinking,
she's certain you are thinking
of person than of self!

'Tis a question for a father
To determine, whether rather,
If he had a prize worth having,
For his son, devoting the day,
His son should marry or not.

I feel that thou art changed to me.

[Music—at Robinson's.]

I FEEL that thou art changed to me,
And would a happier lot were mine;
Yet deem'd I not such change could be
In heart that vowed to love like thine.
I know thou wouldst not have me feel
The anguish of a parting sigh;
Yet vainly mine efforts to conceal
That we are changed—both you & I.
I know my voice has lost its spell,
I know my songs can charm no more;
Thy few but saddened glances tell
Love's sweet but fatal doom is o'er.
Something new hath come upon thy heart,
From whom thy hopes will now rely.
'Twere better then that we should part,
And part for ever—you and I.

The Male Coquet.

I'LL tell you a little story
Of a very wise young man;
The one I'll sing before you
In the mildest form I can.
This man was vain, a male coquet,
Made love to every girl he met.
And when he thought he gained the day,
He'd take his hat, and walk away.
With his "fal, la, la, la,"
Good-bye love,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la,
Fal, la, la, la, la, la.

At length by a freak of nature,
This nice young man was caught
By a very pretty creature,
Who did small young ladies ought.
She'd speak in riddles, and that you
know.

Goes a great way to procure a heap,
And then it was as people say,
He had no mind to walk away,
With his "fal, la, la, la, &c."

Behold them at the altar;
The parson questioned, so,
"Will thou take this man for thy
husband?"

She straightway answered "No!"
"Why, you promised me," she said,
that's true;

Many have been promised, sir, by you,
Go first fulfill your vow with all,
And then, perhaps you'll give a call
With your "fal, la, la, la, &c."

He stormed and roared like thunder,
And flew unto the door,
And there he found—no wonder—
Twenty laughing girls on more.

"You're welcome here, my darling boy;
You see, we're come to wish you joy."
"Go hang you all!" he was heard to
say.

Then, like a shot he flew away,
With his "fal, la, la, la, &c."

When I met the first in May.

[Music—at Wessel's.]

WHEN I met the first in May
From my dream will never depart.
From the germ of love that day
Had been planted in my heart;
A bud was in the flower,
Where we loved and then we parted.
And my love was like that flower,
When first we met in spring.

When next again we met,
It was summer's glowing prime,
And my love was now a tree,
Took its ardent from the time;
The sun was hot, the air was warm,
And I thought the fruit was now
Like that ripened love of mine.
Rotted in summer's mellow sun,
Did we next that better see,
And the blossom, and the fruit
Had been gathered from the tree,
And I thought my love alone
Would be in winter's cold decay,
So I was this winter's sun,
As the bright word in May.

The Maid of Switzerland.

[Music—at Cooks and Co's.]

I SAW her but a fleeting hour,
The pride of fair Lucerne,
Where blossoms hang on every bower,
Angels the dwelling's return,
And the snow-distant for the day,
When e'er the vale I roved,
Yet time can never fade away
Her form so fondly loved I
And still my thoughts for ever turn
To thee, sweet maid of fair Lucerne.
And still, &c.
The Spring is bright in Switzerland,
The oceans hunker roves,
The torrents foam as madly grand,
The flowers deck the grove.
But where is she, the loved, the true,
So glad in days of yore?
She sleeps in peace, beneath the snow,
That droops along the shore.
And still my thoughts for ever turn
To her low grave, by fair Lucerne.

Young Agnes.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's.]

YOUNG Agnes, beautiful flower,
Sweet as blooming May,
One evening from her tower
Thus poured forth her song:
The night now hath spread its shade,
And I'll hide thee from all;
Then haste to thy faithful maid,
Darkness veils bow's and hall,
That place beneath her tower
Dost thou not hear Love's call.
The silent hour invites thee,
No star shall light thy way,
No danger, love, frights thee,
Wherefore, then, dost thou stay?
Whom dost thou think of?
Guardians there may stand,
But none shall ever see
Let thy steps gently fall.
The silent hour invites thee,
Dost thou not hear Love's call.

Smiling Faces.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

I LOVE to gaze on smiling faces,
Beaming merry mirth and glad,
Of all creation's charms, or graces,
None are half so fair to me.
Life is full of joy and sorrow;
But while sorrow's form we see,
Joy from some the heart may borrow.
Oh! a smiling face for me,
When I gaze on smiling faces,
Though my spirits may be sad,
Then very truly I must exclaim,
And I smile to see them glad.
Some smile as if they were deceiving,
While I own some such make;
There are many worth believing—
Oh! a smiling face for me.

Happy heart! oh, happy heart.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's.]
Happy heart! oh, happy heart!
Could thy heart be
Breathed for one, from all apart,
Most beloved by thee—
Who could share in thy distress,
All thy bliss create,
We might feel, but ne'er express,
How divine thy state.
Silly heart! oh, silly heart!
Which has means desired,
Altho' weakness to impart,
Where it is not prized!
When unvalued feelings dwell,
In thee, silly heart,
Language hath no forte to tell
How forlorn thou art.

The Fortune-Teller.

[Music—at Jullien's.]
Come hither, maidens, & smile bestow,
Your future lot I'll plainly show;
'Tis mine to tell what's decreed,
Come here, come here, your fortunes read.
Each star and sign is known to me,
Each secret spell, on land or sea,
I ne'er betray by word or look;
You all may trust the gipsy's book.
Come hither, maidens, &c.
Look up, fair maidens, the sky is bright,
The young moon shines with tender light;
A favourable hour for those who love,
Come here, come here, my power to prove.
Ne'er does fortune pass, no harm will pass,
Behold, consult my magic glass;
I ne'er betray by word or look;
You all may trust the gipsy's book.
Come hither, maidens, &c.

At morn, upon the beach I stood.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's.]
At morn upon the beach I stood,
And saw the waves depart,
Which bore upon their briny flood,
The treasure of my heart.
At even upon the shore again,
I watch'd the ebbing tide,
And sought that treasure all in vain,
For which my heart so sighed.
And thus it is with life—its cares
Are like yon bounding sea,
As boundless as the waves it bears,
And wild as they can be:
While all the happiness we lose
Can ever hope to reach,
Is like unto one sunny spot
Upon a barren beach.

The Castle and Cottage.

[Music—at Jullien's.]
On yon mountain frowns a castle,
Wreath'd with gold its portals shine;
In yon valley smiles a cottage,
Whose sweet its porch entwines.
Wealth & pride dwell in those turrets,
Fumble hearts the cottage rove;
Strife and hate are in the castle,
In the cottage peace and love.
Silken floors adorn the castle,
Banners deck its topmost tower;
Sand of snow bestraws the cottage,
In its lattice many a flower.
Other hearts seek in that castle,
Pomp with anguish interweave;
In the poor and humble cottage,
Richer far in peace and love.

The First Lesson.

[Music—at Jullien's.]
Amid the burning splendour,
In all the flashing light,
A whisper warm and tender,
If softly said to night:
The fond and fairy hearer,
Whose beauty is so young,
Thinks never whisper dearer,
Found music on the tongue.
Thinks never whisper, &c.
One hour past, her being
Was girlish as her brow,
But all her heart was feeling,
Another picture now;
Her woman's love was shining,
Her eyes of beauty speak;
She kindled hope reclining,
In blushes on her cheek.
She kindled hope, &c.
Fast whirled along the dancing,
Quick twinkle of winged feet,
But faster eyes are glancing,
And quicker pulses beat!
The girl who went to glisten,
Amid the starry snow,
Has paused to look and listen,
And learn'd a woman's love,
Has paused, &c.

The merry days of old.

[Music—at Robinson's.]
The merry days, the days of old,
When hounds and hawks were nigh,
When gallant lords and ladies fair,
Drew sport from earth and sky:
The horn resounded through the dell,
Forth rode the barons bold,
O those indeed were merry days,
The merry days of old.
When ruddy health, and laughing joy,
Illumed the maiden's face,
And 'twas her joy, on palfrey free,
To follow in the chase;
To dare the summer's scorching heat,
To brave the winter's cold,
O those indeed were merry days,
The merry days of old.
When troubadours and masquers gay,
In castle-halls would stand,
And wake the song to willing ears,
Of knights in Holy Land:
When winter brought his wassail bowl,
To keep the heart from cold,
O those indeed were merry days,
The merry days of old.

There was an old man.

[Music—at Robinson's.]
There was an old man,
And though 'tis not common,
Yet if it be true,
He was born of a woman;
And though 'tis incredible,
Yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant,
But age made him old.
Tol de rol, &c.
When e'er he was hungry,
He long'd for some meat,
And if he could get it,
'Twas said he could eat;
When thirsty, he'd drink,
If you gave him a pot,
And the liquor most commonly
Ran down his throat.
Tol de rol, &c.
He seldom or ever
Could see without light,
And yet I've been told,
He could hear in the night;
He has oft been awake
In the day-time said,
And has fall'n fast asleep
At he lay in his bed.
Tol de rol, &c.

'Tis reported his tongue
Never moved when he talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms
And his legs when he walk'd;
And his gait was so odd,
Had you seen him you'd burst,
For one leg or t'other
Would always be first.

Tol de rol, &c.
His face was the oddest
That ever was seen,
And if 'twere not wash'd,
It was seldom quite clean
He show'd his teeth most
When he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across
'Twixt his nose and his chin.
Tol de rol, &c.

Among other strange things
That befell this good yeoman,
He was married, poor soul,
And his wife was a woman;
And unless by that liar,
Miss Fanny, we be beguill'd,
We may soundly affirm—
He was never with child.
Tol de rol, &c.

At last he fell sick,
As old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said,
He was not very well,
But what is more strange,
In so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees,
He could get no physician.
Tol de rol, &c.

What a pity he died,
Yet 'tis said that his death
Was occasioned at last
By the want of his breath;
But peace to his bones,
Which in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer,
He'd have been a day older.
Tol de rol, &c.

The Oyster Boat.

Oh, swiftly goes the oyster boat,
Just waltz'g from the shore;
Unto de darkest song she'll float,
To hunt de shelly store.
We whistle up a jolly breeze,
An' hoist a square top-sail,
Den down de ribber we scud wid ease,
An' cheat Ole Massa Gale!
Oh, swiftly, &c.
We cast our tongs in Oyster Bay,
An' drag 'em far an' wide;
We haul up, while our boat so gay,
Plays see-saw wid de tide.
Wid her bosom jam up full
Of oysters fat and fine,
Away to de town we quickly pull,
And sing while our grinders shine.
The sailor in his ship may sing,
And tink he's free from harm,
Our boat can cut de sea-gull's wing,
And walk right through de storm.
Then merrily, to de port we dash,
Fill'd wid our shelly store,
While de white-fella dey shall out dere
In crowds along de shore.

Dear object of defeated care.

Dear object of defeated care,
Though now of love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and my tears are left.
'Tis said, with sorrow time can cope,
But that, I feel, can ne'er be true;
For, by the death-blow of my hope,
My memory immortally true.

Dora to Agnes.

[Music—at Jefferys and Co's.]

I feel, dear Agnes, I must go
From all I love on earth,
In one kind heart full well I know
How sad will be the dearth;
He'll gaze upon my vacant chair
Until his eyes are dim—
Ah! would some angel form were there
Whose voice might comfort him.

I would that form were thine: to thee
I make my earnest prayer,
Win thou the heart that beat for me,
And fill that vacant chair.
I sometimes think his heart was wrong
By my unthinking ways,
And, then, I think I was too young
To burthen his young days.

Yet we were happy: cheerful mind
And trusting heart had he;
And never word or thought unkind,
Or cold look came to me:
Be blest as I have been; I know
Thou'lt not forget me quite—
Way, weep not, Agnes—sigh not so—
Remember me—Good night!

I've given him my heart.

I've given to him my heart, dear mother,
Vow'd at last his bride to be;
Each angry feeling try to smother,
Turn not coldly thus from me.
Wealth or splendour ne'er could charm
me,

Ne'er had power my heart to bind;
Chide not, then, your Jean for loving,
Loving one so true and kind.
Sweet mother, speak, be reconcil'd,
Nor blame your child, your own dear
child,

Ah! we were rear'd in life together,
Shar'd each other's joy and woe,
And still unchang'd by time and sorrow,
Yet unchill'd by winter's snow.
Was it then, so wrong to love him?
Wrong to trust one, years had tried—
Ah! forgive, and seek to part not
Those death only can divide.
Sweet mother, speak, be reconcil'd,
Nor blame your child, your own dear
child.

Little Nell.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

They told him, gently she was dead,
And spoke of heaven and smiled;
Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child.
'Twas all in vain, he heeded not
Their pining looks of sorrow.
"Hush! hush!" he cried, "she only
sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow!"
"Hush! hush!" &c.

They laid her in a lowly grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak,
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had
been
Too rough to fan her cheek.
And there the poor old man would
watch,
In strange, tho' silent, sorrow,
And whisper to himself the words,
"She'll come again to-morrow!"
And whisper, &c.

One day they miss'd him long, and
sought
Where most he loved to stray:
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nelly lay.
With tottering steps he'd wander'd
there,
Fresh hope and strength to borrow,

And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer;
"Oh! let her come to-morrow!"
The old man, dying, breath'd the
prayer,
"Oh! let her come to-morrow!"

Old Simon, the Cellarer.

Old Simon, the cellarer, keeps a rare
store
Of malmsey and malvoisie,
And cyprus, and who can say how many
more,
For a chary old soul is he.
Of sack and canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is brewing
of ale,
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons
a day;
But, ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show
How oft the black-jack to his lips doth
go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still-room,
And a matron sage is she:
From thence, oft at carfew, is wafted a
fume—

She says it is rosemary.
But there's a small cupboard, behind
the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Mar-
gery there.
Now, Margery says she grows very old,
And must take a something to keep out
the cold,

But, ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-backed
chair,
And talks of taking a wife,
And Margery oft has been heard to
declare,

She ought to be settled for life.
Now, Margery has, so the maids say, a
tongue:
She's not very handsome, nor yet very
young;
So, somehow, it ends with a shake of
the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard in-
stead,
With ho! ho! ho! he'll chuckle and
crow,
What! marry old Margery?—no, no,
no!

King of the dark Highway.

Hail, hail, hail to the robber's life,
Who lives and dies by his prey,
Who pleasure finds in the noise and
strife
That's found on the dark highway;
My horse and me we do agree
That the traveller he must stay,
Or else, do you see, he bolder must be,
Than the king of the dark highway.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah
For the dark highway,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah
For the dark highway.

Hail, hail, hail to the sons of old,
Paul Clifford, Turpin, King,
Oh, what bright tales of them are told,
To their memory boys I'll sing;
They robb'd 'tis true a haughty few,
Who owed more than they meant to
pay,
But they drop every screw and look
devilish blue,
At the king of the dark highway.
They drop every screw, &c.

Hail, hail, hail to the life I lead,
Far from the world's despair,

Tho' to hang me justice has agreed,
For their threats why should I care?
While my heart is light and my soul is
bright,

My winning game I'll play,
To rob by night, content to fight,
Like a king of the dark highway.

The Boys of the Age.

Air—Over the Water to Calcutta

Oh, the boys of these days are an
race,

It tires my patience out rather,
For their ways and manners are quite a
disgrace,
To a steady respectable father.

Now if you've a boy, and you happen
to speak

About him, to a friend that you've
brought in,
He wishes to know with all possible
cheek,

If you'll go 'five and nine' for a
quartern,

Oh, there's really no bearing the boys
of this age,

What with boozing, and smoking
and mocking,

When I was a boy, they'd been put in
the stocks,

Dear me, it is shocking, oh shocking!

Now a father, God bless me! there's no
such a thing,

He's called the 'old man' and the
'gav'nor';

And as for a mother, not one can you
bring,

That ain't an 'old women' or other
If they try to be saving, and eke out
their means,

Just to keep up appearances tidy,
Why, the dainty big boys won't touch
bacon and greens,

And they won't eat hash'd mutton on
Friday.

Oh, there's, &c.

Now at breakfast they want a blow out
of cold meat,

And at tea time they'll safe want a
muffin,

If he can't see the wit of short pipes in
the street,

Why he's very soon call'd an old
guffin!

If they live by themselves, they go
sneaking home

For tin, with a pipe and a thick stick,
And if to the door their mother
should come,

It's 'Mother, old flick, how's old Pick-
wick?'

Oh, there's, &c.

Now-a-days, if they meet the 'old man'
in the street,

If he don't stand a pint, he goes down
Then while the old gentleman's giving
a treat,

Why, they'll draw him of every
brown, sir;

At home, if he's got any boys about him,
Should he by chance turn his back
there,

They rush in, and bawl out, 'Here
Jack, Tom, and Ben,

Let's be on to the old black'r
tobacco!

Oh, there's, &c.

Hints to Emigrants.

Tune—"I should like to Marry!"
What swarms of discontented folks
Every where there be,
Who leave their father land to seek
A home beyond the sea.
Now birds of passage, high and low,
The bulky and the little—
Take my advice, and then you'll soon
Be suited to a tittle.

But you who mean to stay at home,
I'd have you understand
That these are hints to emigrants,
Who leave their native land.

The Brewers should to Malt-a go,
The Fools to Rocks of Scilly—
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles
And Furriers all to Chilli.
While little squalling brats,
Who nightly break out rest,
Should be pack'd off to Baby-lon,
To Lap-land, or to Brest.
But you, &c.

Musicians hasten to the Sound,
There while the Miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are in the Straits.
Spinsters should to the Needles hie
(eye),
Wine bibbers to Burgundy,
Gourmands may lunch at Sandwich
Isles,
Wags poke their fun at Fun-dy.
But you, &c.

Cooks from Spit-head should go to
Greece,
All Mendicants to Rome (roam),
And let the race of Hypocrites
At Cant-on find a home.
Lovers should to the Cape Good Hope
To some Cape Horn's a shocker—
Debtors decamp to O-hi-o,
Bookbinders to Morocco.
But you, &c.

Let Zealots go to Zealand,
And Minors to Minor-ca,
Gin tipplers to (Max) Mexico,
Land Captains to Major-ca.
Dull Misanthropes to No Man's Land
Should quickly haste away,
Fat Aldermen to Hungary,
The Poor to Table Bay.
But you, &c.

Seek Batchelors the United States,
And Maids the Isle of Man,
The Gardeners should to Botany go,
And Shoeblacks to Japan.
The Quarrelsome in Ire-land
Will find their proper level,
Let Barbers cut off to the Poles,
And Lawyers to the Devil.
Thus emigrate, then mis-plac'd men
Would here no longer flout us—
And those who're not provided for
May strive to do without us.

The unhappy little man.

Tune—"I remember, I remember."
I had trouble, I had trouble, when
an infant in the lap.
For the first time that they fed me I
was scalded with the pap;
In my long clothes out they took me,
a pretty little fairy,
Good lack, how they forsook me, and
dropp'd me down an area.
I'm unhappy, I'm unhappy!
I'm a wretched little man.

I grew older, I grew older, but my
troubles never stopp'd;
At school how I was welcomed, I
was always getting whopp'd,
I caught hooping cough and fever,
through playing with Bill Beasles
And just to spite my mother, I went
out and caught the measles.
I'm unhappy, &c.

I am married, I am married, such a
wife you ne'er did see,
But there's another chap my wife
much better likes than me.
Every day as I grow older fresh trou-
bles they do come,
My wife is precious lazy, and is always
drinking rum.
I'm unhappy, &c.

I've a baby, I've a baby, such a boy
you ne'er did see,
Such an ugly little monkey, and not
a bit like me.
His nose is pug, his eyes both squint,
his hair is straight and sandy,
His mouth is large, and so's his head
and he's such a precious bandy.
I'm unhappy, &c.

Prussic acid, prussic acid, right down
my throat I'll tuck it,
For I know I ne'er shall be at ease
until I kick the bucket.
This epitaph I'll write myself—
"Here lies poor Toby Tellpit,
The reason why this poor chap died,
'twas 'cos he couldn't help it."

My Father's Song.

The good old song my father sings, I
love it more and more,
'Tis worth a hundred other songs we
ne'er have heard before;
It brings to mind the merry days, the
days when we were young,
When oft times with the same delight
we listened while he sung;
When we could scarce repeat the
strain, and yet in childish glee,
We learnt that song, and lisped it
forth upon our father's knee,
I've heard and lauded many songs,
but unto none belong
The memories that endear me to my
father's good old song.

It is not for its melody I love that
good old song,
Nor is it for the simple rhymes that
unto it belong,
But 'tis because I've heard it sung on
many a festive day,
On some dear anniversary when all a-
round were gay;
And 'tis that when from these dear lips
I hear that cherished strain,
I know that to my father still the
joys of health remain.
Then ask me not what memories to
such a simple theme belong;
When all I love endears me to my
father's good old song.

The Scarlet Flower.

She's gentle as the zephyr,
That sips of every sweet,
She's fairer than the fairest lily,
In nature's soft retreat.

Her eyes are like the crystal brook,
As bright and clear to see,
Her lips outshine the Scarlet Flower
Of bonny Ellersale.

Oh, where my love a blossom,
When summer skies depart,
I'd plant her in my bosom,
Her garden, here, my heart;
And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips,
So beautiful to see,
That far outshines the Scarlet Flower
Of bonny Ellersale.

Might I be King o' Scotland's throne,
And a' the world beside
Right glad I'd give my crown to her,
That lovely maid, my bride;
The gate of heaven is at her lip,
Denied, alas! to me—
That lip which shames the Scarlet
Flower
Of bonny Ellersale.

My ancestors were English men.

My ancestors were Englishmen, an
Englishman am I,
And 'tis my boast that I was born
beneath a British sky;
I prize my peerless birthplace for its
freedom and its fame,
In it my fathers lived and died—I
hope to do the same.
I've heard of foreign countries that
are very fair to see,
But England, dear old England! is
quite fair enough for me;
And he that on its happy soil is not
content to stay,
May leave it when he likes, and find
a better where he may.
My ancestors, &c.

We may not have the mountains
which other lands may show,
Their sides adorn'd with vineyards,
and their summits crown'd
with snow—
We may not boast the grandeur or
the melancholy grace,
Which tells of Time's destroying
hand, or wars terrific trace;
But we have fertile valleys, we have
hills, and dales, and dells,
Where peace and plenty smile a-
round, and sweet contentment
dwells,
And we have cliffs that beetle o'er,
and battle with the spray
Of a thousand waves that roll around
a shore as free as they.
My ancestors, &c.

There's not a sea that on its breast a
hostile fleet can bear,
But England's flag is seen to fly in
stern defiance there;
There's not a clime, east, west, north,
south, but echoes with the fame
Of England's dauntless warriors, and
rings with England's name.
Our ancient institutions and our good
old English laws,
Have wrung from e'en our bitterest
foes their wonder and applause.
Oh, his must be a coward's heart who
would not make a stand
For altar, throne, for hearth and
home, in such a native land!
My ancestors, &c.